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THIS MAGAZINE IS

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NO. 6

HAUNTED

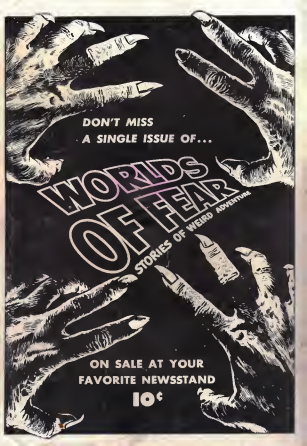
10¢



TURN DOWN THE LIGHTS,
LOCK THE DOOR AND READ...
IF YOU DARE...

**THE SECRET OF THE
WALKING DEAD!**





**DON'T MISS
A SINGLE ISSUE OF...**

WORLDS OF FEAR

STORIES OF WEIRD ADVENTURE

**ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

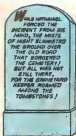
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CAN THE DEAD RETURN TO LIVE AGAIN IN THIS WORLD? OF ALL THE QUESTIONS MAN SEEMS TO ASK, THAT ONE STANDS ALONE! IF, WHAT OF THE DEAD, THEMSELVES? WHAT IS THEIR ANSWER? ONLY ONE MAN HEARD IT AS THE COLD BIRTH OF ANOTHER WORLD WHISPERED IN HIS EAR.....

The SECRET of the WALKING DEAD

NO! NO!
NO!







ONLY ONE THING MORE NEED BE DONE BEFORE I CAN SHOW THE WORLD MY WORK! YOU, THOMAS, AND THE OTHERS I HAVE BROUGHT BACK ARE BUT WALKING DEAD! YOU UNDERSTAND COMMANDS, YOU WALK, YOU HEAR... BUT YOU DO NOT REALLY LIVE YET!



TO LIVE YOU MUST HAVE A MIND! BUT THAT WILL NOT BE LONG YET! YES, SOON THE WORLD WILL GROVEL AT MY FEET!



AND SO, PETER TAM TURNED AND TRUDGED TOWARD HIS HUT AT THE EDGE OF THE CEMETARY! BEHIND HIM, THE COLD NIGHT WIND CARRIED THE SILENT TOMBSTONE'S...



IN HIS HUT, AS PETER TAM SAT DOWN AT A TABLE CROWDED WITH THE WALLS AND TEST TUBES OF A RESEARCH CHEMIST, HIS MIND WENT BACK MANY YEARS...

IT'S TAKEN YEARS, BUT I WILL SHOW THEM ALL! I CAN REMEMBER IT NOW AS THOUGH IT WERE ONLY YESTERDAY....

WITH A BURNING INTENSITY, PETER TAM'S MIND WENT BACK TO A DAY IN VENNA, MANY YEARS AGO, TO THE HEADMASTER'S CHAMBER OF A FAMOUS MEDICAL SCHOOL...

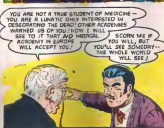


IS THIS THE MAN, ACCORD SPITTER?

JA, HERR DOKTOR! I CURSED HIM LAST NIGHT FROM THE CEMETARY! TRYING TO DIG UP A GRAVE, HE WAS!



PETER TAM, I HEREBY DISMISS YOU FROM THIS ACADEMY!



YOU ARE NOT A TRUE STUDENT OF MEDICINE - YOU ARE A LUNATIC ONLY INTERESTED IN DESECRATING THE DEAD! OTHER ACADEMIES WARNED US OF YOU! NOW I WILL SEE TO IT THAT NO MEDICAL ACADEMY IN EUROPE WILL ACCEPT YOU!

SCORN ME IF YOU WILL, BUT YOU'LL SEE SOMEDAY-- THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SEE!

YES, PETER TOM'S DARK, BUTTER MIND REMEMBERED THAT DAY AND ALL THAT FOLLOWED...

THEY DID IT, THE FOOLS--BARRED ME FROM EVERY ACADEMY IN EUROPE! I HAD TO SAIL HERE TO AMERICA! BUT EVEN HERE MY PAST FOLLOWED AND I WAS REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO MEDICAL SCHOOLS!

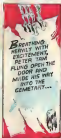
BUT THEY COULDN'T STOP PETER TOM! I TOOK THIS JOB--IT IS PERFECT FOR MY WORK! NO ONE WOULD CHASE THE GRAVE-KEEPER FROM THE CEMETARY! I HAVE WORKED HARD, EXPERIMENTED FOR YEARS!



AND NOW FINAL SUCCESS WILL SOON BE MINE! MY CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVE RESTORER HAS ALREADY PROVED ITSELF! I HAVE KISSED THE DEAD! ONLY ONE MORE THING IS NEEDED!



BREATHING AWEAIT WITH EXCITEMENT, PETER TOM FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND MADE HIS WAY INTO THE CEMETARY...



THERE LIES THE FULL STORY OF ALL MY WORK! THERE, IN THE GRAVE OF REED MAHLER, I HAVE POURED ALL THE WORK OF THE PAST YEARS--MY FINAL PRESERVATIVE FOR THE NERVE TISSUES!



REED MAHLER WILL BE WALKING SOON! WHEN HE DOES HE WILL NOT BE LIKE THE OTHERS! HIS MIND WILL BE INTACT! HE WILL REALLY LIVE AGAIN!



YES, REED MAHLER, SOON YOU AND I WILL ASTOUND THE WORLD! BEST NOW--FOR THE TIME IS NEAR! (IF HAND!)



THE NEXT NIGHT...
AND WITH IT, THE
GATHERING FURY OF
A STORM! MOUNTAIN
WINDS HOWLED ACROSS
THE GRAVES! THE
CEMETERY WAS DARK
EXCEPT FOR ONE
LIGHT IN THE WINDOW
OF PETER TOL'S HUT!



MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT!
REED MAHLER IS DUE TO WAKEUP
VERY SOON! I WILL HAVE A LOOK AT
HIS PLOT WHEN THE RAIN STOPS
A LITTLE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT
IN THE STORM-TORN
GRAVEYARD....



MEANWHILE,
PETER TOL
TAKES DOWN A
LARGE, GUSTY
RECORD BOOK AS
THE WIND RISES
IN FURY
OUTSIDE!



AH--HERE IT IS!
THE CEMETERY
LEDGER!

THIS LEDGER LISTS THE CAUSE OF DEATH
AND FORMER OCCUPATION OF EVERYONE
BURIED HERE! I SHOULD LEARN A
LITTLE OF MAHLER'S PAST
BEFORE HE WAKENS!



I WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN HIS HAND IS IN WORKING ORDER! I WANT TO QUESTION HIM ABOUT THINGS FAMILIAR TO HIM!



BUT AS PETER TRIM TRACES HIS FINGER DOWN THE LONG LIST OF NAMES, HE SUDDENLY HALTS AND...



I--I MUST STOP IT IMMEDIATELY! I'LL SHUT OFF THE RESTORATION FLUID! I'LL PICK ANOTHER SUBJECT TOMORROW! I SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED THE LEADER FIRST, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT...



AS PETER TRIM OPENS THE DOOR, HIS BLOOD TURNS TO ICE AND HIS THOUGHTS DARTING WITH THE WIND OF FEAR!



IT... IT'S HIM!

OF COURSE! YOU WERE EXPECTING ME, WEREN'T YOU?



THE CHAIRMAN MOVED INTO THE ROOM, ITS VOICE A HORROR, DEATH-LIKE RATTLE AND, AS IT SPOKE, PETER TRIM'S COLD FEAR BEMGLED WITH SUDDEN REALIZATION OF SUCCESS!

IT--IT TALKS! IT HAS A MIND! MY EXPERIMENTS ARE A COMPLETE SUCCESS!



YES, THE HORRIBLE
ANXIATION
BEFORE
PETER TAY
HAD A HAND—
AND IN HIS
EXCITEMENT
HE FORGOT
WHAT SORT
OF A HAND!
BUT HE
DID NOT
FORGET
FOR LONG,
AS



WHAT...WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



NO! GIVE ME
THAT!

BUT WITH A STRENGTH
NOT OF THIS WORLD,
THE REMAINS OF ALSO
MAKER THREW THE
MORTAL REBELS AWAY.



AAAAA
GHH

GIVE ME—
UHH!



PUT DOWN THE KNIFE! I—I'M YOUR
FRIEND! I RETURNED YOU TO LIFE.
REED MANLEY! I'VE PROVED THE
DEAD CAN RETURN! I—I'M
A SUCCESS!



SUCCESS! MAN! YOU ARE
BUT A FOOL! YOU HAVE
MEDDLED WITH FORCES NO
MAN MAY TOUCH!



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BRING
US BACK! WE DID NOT ASK TO
RETURN TO THIS WORLD! AND
WE WISHED TO, THERE ARE
FORCES WE ALONE KNOW!



ALL OF US HAD FOUND
THINGS NO MORTAL MAY
KNOW HERE IN THIS WORLD!
I HAD FOUND A PEACE I
NEVER KNEW HERE! BUT
YOU HAD TO MIDDLE—
TO TRY AND DRAG
US BACK!



THE WILD AND BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE EXPLODED IN SCORCHING FLAME AS PETER PAN STUMBLED FROM THE HORROR-FALLED HOT INTO THE STORM OUTSIDE —

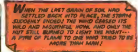


THEN AS THE STORM ROSE TO HEIGHTS OF WILD FURY, THE CHARGER STRUCK — AND AN UNHEARD SCREAM WAS SEIZED BY THE WILD WINDS AND FLUNG INTO THE NIGHT!





AND, AS THE
THIRD NAMED
RED HANDED
DESCENDED INTO
THE PIT FROM
WHICH HAD RISEN
WITH THE LEAF
POPMO OF
PETER TAM,
THE EARTH
GLOOMED OVER
THE GRAVE!



WHEN THE LAST GRASP OF SOUL HAD
SETTLED BACK INTO PLACE, THE STORM
ELOOMED! INSTEAD THE WIND CARRIED ITS
WILD AND MIGHTY, HOWL AND ONLY THE
HUT STILL BURNED TO LIGHT THE NIGHT...
A FIRE OF FLAME TO ONE WHO TRIED TO BE
MORE THAN MAN!



AND THAT MORNING, THE GOOD
PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY
CONCLUDED THAT PETER TAM
PERISHED IN THE FIRE OF HIS HUT,
AS ALL LOGICAL, SENSIBLE PEOPLE
WOULD THINK! FOR WHO EVER
HEARD OF THE WALKING
DEAD? SALLY, ISN'T IT?
OR IS IT?
HEH-HEH-HEH!

ARE YOU ONE WHO
SHUDERS IN THE DARKNESS—
OR WHINES AT THE SOUND OF
UNIDENTIFIED FOOTSTEPS ON
A DESERTED STREET? IF YOU
ARE, THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES,
SEAL YOUR IMAGINATION!
AND DO NOT AVOID THIS
SHOCKING STORY OF THE
MAN WHO BECAME A
CAPTIVE OF THE
SUPERNATURAL IN...

**SHOWCASE
FOR HORROR!**



TOO
TILSTRON,
WINDOW
DISPLAY MAN
FOR THE
KNOX TARD
DEPARTMENT
STORE,
DROPT OUT
AS CUSTOM-
ARLY
MORNING
MORRAL
SHAPES AT
THE MACHINES
WHO DELIV-
ERED THE NEW
MORRISONS!



LOOK OUT, YOU
CLIMBY MORRONS!
KNOWLE THOSE THINGS
CAREFULLY!

WHY DON'T YOU ACT
LIKE A CIVIL HUMAN
BEING FOR A CHANGE,
MISTEAP HERE'S SOME-
THING SPECIAL—JUST
FOR YOU!

THE TRUCKER SET DOWN THE AMBUSH BEFORE
HIM—AND CURIOUSLY, TILSTRON PEELLED AWAY
THE WRAPPING FROM THE PACE!



WITH THE
ASPECTS
OF THE BORG
IN THE
SHIPPING
DEPARTMENT!
HAW! HAW!

WOW! SOMETHING
WENT WRONG IN
THE MANUFACTURE
OF IT! IT WAS
PASSED ALONG
ONLY TO AGGRAVATE
ME!

TOO
SHRUGGED
AT THE
CRUELTY
FACE — THE
SLUGS OF
ANOTHER
PLASTERED THE
POOR
LITTLE
POE-EYES
THAT STARED
OUT AT HIM
WITH AN
EXPRESSION
ON THE VERGE
OF TEARS! IT
WAS ADORE
—AND AT THE
SAME TIME
LAUGHING! A
WEIRD
MOISTURE!



I'LL CALL THE
 MANUFACTURER
 AND TELL HIM A
 THING OR TWO!
 NOW CAN HE
 DO THIS?

JOHN, ISN'T THAT ABSO-
 LUTELY THE STRANGEST
 CREATURE YOU'VE
 EVER SEEN?



I'VE NEVER
 SEEN A
 GARGOYLE IN
 ALL OF EUROPE
 THAT COULD
 COMPARE WITH
 IT!

HAH. THEY'RE ALL
 STARRING AT IT BECAUSE
 IT WILL ATTRACT THEM
 TO THE WINDOWS.
 WHY NOT USE IT?
 THOSE TRUCKERS—
 THE FOOLS! THEY
 DO ME A BIG FAVOR!



AND SO IT
WAS THAT
TOO
TELESTROM'S
SHRUG WAS
JOHN! HE
ATTACHED THE
GARGOYLE IN
OUTLANDISH
CONTAINERS
DAILY AND
PLACED IT
IN HIS
WINDOWS! YES
IT BECAME
A POPULAR
OBJECT OF
RIDICULE!

HAH! HAH!
 THAT IS THE
 SMALLEST THING
 I'VE SEEN IN
 AGES!

I CAN'T
 LAUGH
 ANYMORE!
 MY SIDES
 ACHES!

HAH! HAH!
 THAT LITTLE
 HAT ON THAT
 POINTED
 HEAD!



DID YOU GET A
 LOOK AT IT
 YESTERDAY? A
 SWASHBUCKLING
 PART! WOW!

YOU'VE CREATED
 QUITE AN ATTRACTION,
 TELESTROM! YOU'LL FIND
 AN EXTRA SOMETHING
 IN YOUR PAY ENVELOPE
 IN RECOGNITION OF
 YOUR GOOD WORK!

THANK YOU,
 MR. SAMERSON.
 THANK YOU!



ODDLY ENOUGH,
THIS MONSTROUS
MONSTER BECAME
TELESTROM'S
INSPIRATION OF
SUCCESS! IT GAVE HIM
IMPORTANCE TO
HIM —AND HE
COURAGED IT
ANYHOW, CONSTANTLY!
BUT, STRANGELY,
THE MORE CREW
ALL ABOUT IT
HE WAS, THE MORE
IT WAS
MISPLACED!

HEY, TELESTROM, WHAT'S
 THE MATTER? YOU'RE
 AS PALE AS TROUSERS
 YOU LOST YOUR
 BEST FRIEND!

DID YOU SEE
 THAT THING
 ANYPLACE? IT WAS
 NEAR WINDOW FIVE
 LAST NIGHT!





HE'S LOST THAT THING AGAIN! EVERY TIME YOU TURN AROUND HE'S NANNING LIKE SHE FLOCK HOUNES! WHAT A CHARACTER!

I-I'M SURE I PUT IT NEAR WINDOW FIVE! I SPECIFICALLY REMEMBER--!



TELETRON! TELETRON! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT YOU TAKE THIS MONSTROSITY WITH YOU! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR IT!

THERE IT IS! BUT WHO PUT IT THERE? SOMEONE IS PLAYING TRICKS WITH ME!

SAVING WITH ANXIETY AND FRODO-TOR, YOU RELEASED HIS EMOTIONS WITH A WHIRLWIND RICK AT THE MILELESS GARDENS!



THIS DARN THING!

THAT IS THE FUNNIEST THING!

IF I COULD JUST GET A PICTURE OF THAT!



IT'S THAT FUNNY! IT'S A GOOD THING TO REMEMBER. LET'S SEE--I CAN GET A SKIN PAINTER UP AND... YES! IT'S A GREAT IDEA!



STOCKBOY--GET ME THAT COTTON-PADDED HANDBAG ON THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR AND BRING IT TO THE DISPLAY DEPARTMENT!

OH--AS SOON AS I GET AROUND TO IT!



TOD PREPARED THE GARGOYLE FOR HIS NEXT DISPLAY MATE WITH AN ALMOST FRENCH GLEE! HE FELT IT A KIND OF REVENGE FOR THE FORGOTTEN MONSTROSITY AND GIVEN HIM!

THIS OUGHT TO BE THE GREATEST STUNT YET! BUT I'LL BET IT HAS THE SHOPPERS WAITING IN LINE!

TOO ANXIOUS THE NEXT MORNING'S EVENT WITH MALIGNANT ANTICIPATION! HE CAME INTO THE STORE EARLY—TO GET IT UP PRECISELY AS HE WANTED! THE SHOPPERS WOULD SOON ENTER THE STORE! BUT WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE DISPLAY DEPARTMENT.....

WHO TOLD YOU TO MOVE THAT THING? WHERE DID YOU PUT IT?

HEY, LET GO! ARE YOU HITS? I DIDN'T TOUCH IT!

—IT WAS THERE WHEN I LEFT! OR DID I MOVE IT—? NO! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, AM I LOSING MY MEMORY?

HARRED WITH NEUROPSYCHES, TASTROM DECIDED TO SEE A DOCTOR FOR TREATMENT AND REASSURANCE!

I—I CAN'T SLEEP VERY WELL! I CONTINUALLY SEE THAT MONSTROSITY WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES—MOVING FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER DURING THE NIGHT!

HAH... NOTHING DANGEROUS ABOUT SUCH ANXIETIES! AFTER ALL, MISPLACING THIS OBJECT WOULD BE A REAL LOSS TO YOU! SUCH CONCERN RESULTS IN TENSION, FORGET—FULNESS...

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF NERVES! I WILL PRESCRIBE A SEDATIVE! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, TASTROM!

I—I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, DOCTOR! I AND BEGIN TO WONDER....

FEELING MORE SECURE THAN HE HAD FOR WEEKS, TOO TASTROM RETURNED TO HIS WORK WITH A NEW RESOLVE! ANGRY SHOPPERS WERE EVIDENCE OF THE SUCCESS OF HIS NEW AND UNIQUE DISPLAY!

THAT'D BE A NINETY THING TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE WHEN I LOSE MY TEMPER!

GET RID OF THAT INHIBITION! DID YOU EVER FEEL YOU HAD TO STARE SOMEONE? WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! *Go Ahead!*

BOY! IF THIS WAS ONLY SOMEONE ELSE I KNOW! BUT I'LL JUST THINK OF HIM—AND—!

WHAM!

LOOK! THAT'S CLEVER! A TEAR ON ITS FACE! IT'S FIRED UP TO LOOK AS THOUGH IT'S CRYING!



TEARS! IT IS MOST!
NO—IT MUST BE A
RESULT OF CONSIDERATION
ON THE PLASTER! YES,
THAT'S IT!

The
OVERWHELMING
DISPLAY MAN
COULD NOT
CONTAIN HIMSELF!
HE LOVED THE
HARMER AND
SHAKED AT
THE GARDEN
WITH ALL HIS
STRENGTH! THE
ONLOOKERS
ACCEPTED IT
ALL AS ONE
GRAND JOKE!



BOY! HE MUST HAVE BEEN A
REAL DIBUTION! HA! GOSH—
IT'S GOING TO FALL!



GIVE THE GENTLEMAN A
CIGAR! SHOULD AND IT UP
WITH A BELL, I GUESS!
PICK IT UP—LET ME
SEE IF I CAN WHAM
IT HARD ENOUGH
TO TOPPLE IF!

HE TRIED TO
SHARE THE
MOMENT OF THE
OTHERS, BUT
HIS LAUGHTER
WAS NERVOUS
AND FORCED!
THEN—WHEN
HE FELT
AND
STRETCHED
HIS HAND
TO LIFT THE
FALLER
MOMENT—
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
MADE HIM
GASP!



UNDER THE
SHOULDER—
IT'S WET AND
STICKY! LIFE...
BLOOD!



AGH!
BLOOD
ON MY
HANDS!

I-E MUST HAVE
CUT MYSELF!
YES, THAT MUST
BE IT!—BUT
WHERE—
WHERE?



BUT THE FRIGHTENED MAN FOUND NO TRACE OF
DANGER! THEN A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT STRUCK
HIM WITH SUCH VIOLENCE THAT HE FELT HIS SARTY
UNHINDERED! WILDLY, UNWITTINGLY, HE BEGAN TO RUN!

LOOK OUT!
MEET YOU—

HE
MUST BE
DANGEROUS!

CRAZY--SOMEONE CALLED ME CRAZY!
AM I REALLY OUT OF MY MIND?
THE DOCTOR--YES, I'VE GOT TO
SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!
WE'LL TELL ME!



I MUST
GET AWAY!
THE DOCTOR--
HE MUST
HELP ME!



HEY--
WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

EVEN IN HIS HALLUCINATORY FLIGHT, SOME EYE PREMONITION
COMPELLED TILSTROM TO LOOK BEHIND HIM! THEN--HIS
PULSE FROZE! HIS BRAIN TURNED TO ICE!



NO! NO!
THE GARGOYLE!
IT'S FOLLOWING
ME! I CAN
SEE IT!

SOMEHOW
TODD FOUND
HIS WAY TO
THE DOCTOR'S
OFFICE! FOR SEVERAL
MINUTES HE
WAS ENTIRELY
INCOHERENT!
THEN, AT LAST,
HE WAS ABLE
TO RECOUNT
HIS
HALLUCINATORY
EXPERIENCE!

BUT I TELL
YOU THERE
WAS BLOOD
ON MY SHOES!
I SWORE!
AND IT DIDN'T
COME FROM
ME!

IT MAY HAVE BEEN
NASAL BLEEDING!
IT HAPPENS FROM
EXCESS EMOTIONAL
STRESS!



AS FOR THE FIGURE FOLLOWING YOU--
I'D SAY IT WAS PURELY AN HALLUCINATION!
ANOTHER SIGN OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION!
YOU ARE ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKDOWN,
MR. TILSTROM! I WOULD RECOMMEND
AN EXTENDED VACATION!



THANK YOU, DOCTOR! I'LL FOLLOW
YOUR ADVICE! I'LL RETURN TO THE
STORE NOW, CHANGE MY CLOTHING
AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!! I--I--

GO AHEAD, MAN,
DON'T BE AFRAID!





AS THE DISPLAY MAN DESCENDED THE MARBLE STEPS TO THE LOBBY OF THE BUILDING, DEEPLY INTENT UPON HIS THOUGHTS, HIS EYES CATCHT SIGHT OF SOMETHING THAT SHOOK HIS BODY WITH A CONVOLUTED SHUDDER!



SUDDEN TERROR BLOTTED AWARENESS FROM HIS MIND; AND WHEN SHORT MOMENTS LATER, HE BLINKED HIS EYES OPEN.





I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
THAT CAB—I'LL TAKE IT!
ALL I WANT ARE MY
THINGS FROM THAT
STORE LOCKER! I'LL
NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN!
I'LL GET A JOB SOME-
WHERE ELSE!

HE WAS
ABOUT TO
ENTER THE
CAB WHEN HE
NOTICED
ANOTHER
PASSENGER
HIDDEN IN THE
SHADOWS!



NO! NO!
IT'S THE
THING!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER? I'M
NOT OCCUPIED!

5
I'LL STRIDE
DOWN THE
DOZEN BLOCKS
ACROSS TOWN
FRANTICALLY,
WITHOUT
PAUSE, ALL
THE WAY TO THE
STORE!



EMPLOYED
SWEARD!

HEY— IT'S
TUESDAY!

HE FELT
HIS NERVE
STRINGS
DRIVEN TIGHT—
TO THE
BREATHING
POINT! ONE
THOUGHT
FURNISHED
HIM HIS
REVEREND
REASON— TO
GET AWAY;
TO CRASH
HIMSELF
AND CLING
TO BRIBING
SANTY. HE KEPT
REPEATING
AGAIN
AND
AGAIN...



I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! I'LL GET
OUT OF THIS AND
FORGET IT EVER
HAPPENED! OH—
THE LOCKER!
ROOM AT LAST!





H!
DISTURBED
YOUR
STUPID-SAVED
MOMENT--
BUT BEFORE THE
EXIT DOOR,
STARK TERROR
TOOK AS HIS
INSIDES LIVE
AN EXPLOSIVE!



IF HE
WHISPERED
CRY
WAS CUT OFF
AS ABRUPTLY
AS IF WITH A
KNIFE BLADE...
AND THEN,
SILENCE...
PERFECTLY...
DANGEROUS...
FORGOTTEN...
A WEIR LATER,
TO THE DAY,
A JOB APPLICANT
APPEARED IN
THE PERSONNEL
OFFICE OF THE
HEALTH DEPART-
MENT STORE!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, DESPITE HIS
SCAR, FORWARD GAIT, THE SLIGHT-SHOULDER-
ED DISPLAY MAN PERFORMED HIS REQUIRED
TASKS SATISFACTORILY. HOWEVER, HE EXHIBITED
ONE PASTING UNDESIRABILITY....





THE UNHAUNTED HOUSE

By Eando Binder

AN EERIE old house stood forlorn and decrepit on the hillside, with a blooded moon casting weird shadows around it. A wind keened and howled through the gnarled trees, whose branches waved and undulated as if to clutch for unwary victims. At times bats skittered from the rafters, and from inside the house itself, low moans could be heard. Deserted and abandoned for many years, it was typically the "haunted house" that people shunned on a dark night.

"Haunted?" laughed Jim Pickard bravely. "Fiddlesticks! It's just a broken down old wreck of a house. Mary's ghost or ghoul or banshee or any other haunt inside. And I'm going to prove it by spending the night in there!"

"No, don't do it," pleaded his friend John Wickersham earnestly. "One man tried it last year and came out mad! Don't defy the supernatural powers—they are evil and vengeful!"

Pickard laughed again at Wickersham's pale face. "I'm a newspaper man," he said. "I only believe of what I see with my eyes—and only half of that. That's why I'm taking my camera along inside." He patted his press camera lovingly. "Nothing can fool this gadget. If there are ghosts and beasties, I'll record it on photographic film—and have a scoop for my paper. I've got all the special sensitive film I need. I'm almost hoping there are supernatural horrors, because I'd get a big bonus out of it for such pictures!"

He grinned scornfully. "But of course that's rot. I'm really going in to prove it *isn't* haunted. And then I win that hundred dollar bet from you."

"I could bite my tongue off for ever making that bet," Wickersham said bitterly. "For the last time, Jim, let's call the whole thing off."

"Not on your life," chortled Pickard. "If I find ghosts, I get a bonus. If I don't find ghosts, I win from you. How can I lose? See you at dawn, John. Here goes!"

With that, Pickard marched with his camera toward the weird old house. Wickersham shook his head helplessly and turned away.

He'd be back at dawn to meet Pickard—if all went well. Would Pickard come out alive—and sane?

Meanwhile, alone, the newspaper reporter reached the broken-down porch and climbed the creaking steps to the front door. The wind whined around the corner like a lost soul, and a black bat skittered past his nose.

The interior was utterly gloomy, almost pitch-dark, but Pickard's eyes soon adjusted to the dim light and he was able to make out the hallway ahead.

He couldn't resist it. As he strode forward, he yelled in a loud voice—"Hi, ghosts and sundry haunts! I've dropped in for a visit. Do you mind?"

In answer, a shuddery howl suddenly shivered through the musty air, like the mad laugh of a demon. Pickard jumped and almost dropped his camera, his heart beating. Had he been wrong after all? Were there, nameless spooks of the nether world inhabiting this ancient abode?

Trembling, not so sure of himself now, Pickard crept on, as silence fell. He began exploring the rooms, one by one, dimly lit by moonlight filtering through cobwebbed windows. He stumbled past old broken furniture.

Suddenly, the hairs on the back of his neck arose. On the floor, in a patch of moonlight, was thrown the black shadow of a giant monster with clenching arms! Pickard stumbled back in horror. What monster lurked in waiting?

Pickard cursed himself for not bringing along a flashlight, so confident had he been that nothing would scare him in the old house. Panic-stricken, he ran, from the black shadow to another room.

A screech tore from his lips. A ghastly pale face loomed before him, staring at him in hypnotic fixament! It was a disembodied head, floating in thin air!

Pickard ran blindly, trying to find the front door, but he was lost in the rambling old house now. A living nightmare followed for him, as all the supernatural creatures one could imagine hounded him!

In another room, two huge fierce eyes blinked and gleamed redly at him from deep shadow, and a moaning voice cackled mournfully through the air. Pickard ran. Forgotten was his camera and all his brave resolve to defy the supernatural. Fear possessed him from head to foot, and Pickard lurched and fled like a hunted animal, sobbing in fright!

But there seemed no escape from the ghastly manifestations. A white form suddenly rose before him in the dark, shimmering and mal-formed, clutching at him with long greedy arms.

"A ghost!" shrieked Pickard. "A real ghost!" Meaning, half mad, Pickard finally found the front door and burst out into the fresh air, panting, abysmally frightened. But then he stopped, lit a cigarette, and calmed his shattered nerves.

"Now listen," he told himself firmly. "You lost your head, you idiot. You still don't believe in haunts, really. Remember, it's all rubbish. If you keep your head, you can go back in and find a perfectly harmless explanation for everything that seems supernatural."

Ten minutes later, squaring his shoulders and gripping his camera, Pickard went back in. Courage once more flooded him. Again the demoniac howl greeted him, freezing the marrow in his bones. But gritting his teeth, Pickard approached the blood-curdling sound. Then he drew a long breath and chuckled in infinite relief, as he put his finger in a chink in the wall, feeling the draft.

"Just the wind whistling through this chink," he informed himself. "That's all that the mad howling was!"

He next sought out the huge black shadow thrown weirdly on the floor in a patch of moonlight. Pickard looked around puzzled and then snapped his fingers. Sure enough, it was just the shadow of a gnarled tree from outside, whose twisted limbs danced in the wind like clutching hands. Pickard blocked off the window with his own body, and the shadow was obliterated.

A great idea came to Pickard then. "It's foolish little things like that that convince frightened people an old house is haunted. I'll take pictures of these things and make a newspaper article out of it—HAUNTED HOUSE EXPOSED AS FAKE!"

Using special infra-red or "black light" flash-bulbs that would not cast a blazing glare and spoil the ghostly atmosphere of the place, Pickard snapped the eerie shadow on the floor, and then the tree that caused it. It would be a sensation, showing how the human eye could be tricked into seeing queer phenomena.

Next, without fear, Pickard sought out the ghastly "floating face" in another room. He burst out laughing. "This is really good. It's my own face, reflected in a mirror on the wall. In this dark room, lit only by moonlight, my face looks pale and ghostly."

Pickard took a picture of that, and also of the two fierce eyes that gleamed wickedly—from an owl that sat and hooted there, having made a nest in this old house!

The white ghost? That was simply wisps of foggy air that rose through rotted floorboards, up from the dank basement.

"It's all so simple," Pickard laughed. "I've got a complete series of pictures proving that ghosts and haunts don't exist here, or anywhere. Now I'm tired. I'll have a cigarette and then take a snooze for the rest of the night. And no ghosts will wake me up!"

At dawn, John Wickersham drove up and stepped out anxiously. Had Jim Pickard survived the night?

"Boo! I'm a ghost!"

Wickersham nearly jumped out of his skin, as Pickard came from behind a bush, grinning. "Pay me that hundred, John," Pickard demanded. "I won, proving there are no ghosts . . . hey, what's wrong with you? Why are you staring at me as if you'd seen a ghost?"

WICKERSHAM'S face was utterly horrified. He pointed toward the old house—or where it had been! "Look, Jim! Only charred ruins left of it! It burned down during the night, while you were in it! Didn't you know?"

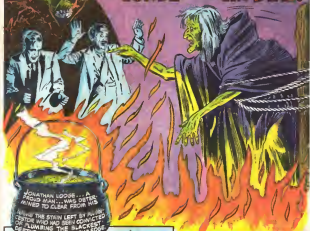
Pickard stared in shock. "Burned down? Then I must have fallen asleep with a burning cigarette in my hand, which set the fire. But nothing woke me! Why wasn't I burned to death?"

"You were," Wickersham groaned. "Your form . . . I can see through it . . . Jim, you're a GHOST!"

THE END

THE POWER OF EVIL CAN BE A BOTTOMLESS FORCE, STRETCHING ACROSS THE YEARS WITH UNDYING INTENSITY... FOR ITS VICTIMS, I KNOW A TALE OF ONE SUCH HORROR! COME, IF YOU DARE, AND LIVE AGAIN WITH ONE OF THE NERVE-SHATTERING DAYS THAT STEMMED FROM THE UNWEARING OF THE CRYSTAL HORROR!

The CURSE OF THE CRYSTAL!



LISTEN, WILSON: IF YOU WANT ME TO LET YOU OFF AT THE NEXT TOWN, I WILL! BUT I'M GOING ON TO SALEM!



IF WILBER WAGGLES HAD ANY INKLING OF THE HORROR IN STORE FOR THEM, HE WOULD NOT HAVE YIELDED SO EASILY TO HIS FRIEND'S OBSESSION....



THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT WAS DEATH BY FIRE, AND AS THE FLAMES OF THE DEATH FIRE CAST THEIR REDDISH GLOW ON THE FRENZIED TOWNFOLK....



WITCH... WHERE HAVE YOU BURIED THE CURSED CRYSTAL?

DIG DEEP AT MY COTTAGE AND YOU MAY FIND IT!

BUT WITH MY DYING BREATH I PRONOUNCE THIS CURSE: WHOEVER TAMPERED WITH THE CRYSTAL WILL MEET THE SAME FATE AS THE SOUL UNPRISONED WITHIN IT! SEARCH FOR IT—IF YOU DARE!



THE DESCRIPTION OF THE HORROR AND BRUTALITY OF BYGONE DAYS ECHOED ACROSS THE CENTURIES TO THE TWO MEN, AND CLUTCHED WITH GLAMMY HANDS AT THEIR HEARTS...

WHAT A HORRIBLE STORY! DID YOU KNOW THAT GRANNY LODGE'S COTTAGE IS STILL STANDING... AND BELONGS TO ME? THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!



I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE! I CAN ALMOST FEEL AN AURA OF EVIL LURKING HERE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! LET'S GO INSIDE!



WE CAN STAY HERE FOR A FEW DAYS WHILE I SEARCH FOR THE CRYSTAL. ONCE I PROVE THERE'S NOTHING IN IT, THERE'LL BE NO MORE TALK OF WITCHES IN THE LODGE FAMILY! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.



THAT NIGHT SLEEP WAS UNEASY, PUNCTUATED BY DREAMS, THEN AS THOUGH DRAWN BY SOME GREATER POWER STRONGER THAN THE FORCES OF NATURE...



YES... YES... I—I'M COMING...

SUDDENLY AS IF SOME GHOSTLY VOICE HAD WHISPERED A WEIRD WARNING, WILBUR AWOKES TO FIND HIMSELF ALONE IN THE MUSTY ROOM...



JONATHAN: WH-WHERE ARE YOU?





BUT BY NIGHT TIME NO FURTHER PROGRESS WAS MADE, AND THE TWO MEN FELL INTO A FITFUL SLEEP... A SLEEP THAT WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY A PIERCING, ALMOST ANIMAL-LIKE SHRIEK OF DESPAIR...



IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE POUNDING ON A WALL IN THE NEXT ROOM! HURRY!!



LOOK AT THE CRYSTAL! THE SOUNDS ARE COMING FROM IT!



THUD! WHACK!

A MAN... IN THE CRYSTAL!



THEN... AS THE PALE MOON DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE RAGGED CLOUDS...

IT'S... IT'S GONE! WHEN THE MOONLIGHT FLEW... HE DISAPPEARED!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS!



DON'T YOU SEE? THE ACCUSATIONS WERE TRUE; SHE WASN'T FALSELY ACCUSED!

TAKE IT EASY, JONATHAN! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO!



BUT THERE IS, I'VE GOT TO UNDO THE HARM; I MUST SET HIM FREE;

DON'T BE A FOOL; DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE CRISTAL?... WHOEVER TAMPER WITH THE CRISTAL WILL MEET THE SAME FATE AS THE SOUL IMPRISONED WITHIN IT?... BURY THE CRISTAL AGAIN; GET RID OF IT!

I DON'T BELIEVE THERE WAS SUCH A CURSE; THE ACCOUNT OF IT WAS NOT PART OF THE REGULAR RECORDS OF THE TRIAL. I'M GOING TO GET THE CRYSTAL OPEN!



THERE WAS NO SLEEP FOR THEM THROUGH THE REST OF THAT NIGHT. EVERY TIME THE MOONLIGHT SHONE ON THE CRYSTAL, THE SHRIEKS AND FLOODING OF THE CRYSTAL'S PRISONER REVERBERATED IN THEIR EARS. WHEN MORNING FINALLY CAME, THEY WERE BOTH EXHAUSTED BY THIS WEIRD TERROR. WILBUR HAD TO GO TO TOWN FOR PROVISIONS, AND WHEN HE RETURNED...



STRANGE... I THOUGHT WE'D FILLER IN THAT HOLE!



JONATHAN! DID YOU...?

DON'T BOTHER ME!



WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE? WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

IT'S AN OLD MANUSCRIPT! I DUG BENEATH WHERE WE FOUND THE CRYSTAL... AND IT WAS THERE!



LET ME BURN IT, JONATHAN!

NO! THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF GETTING THE MAN OUT OF THE CRYSTAL! I'M GOING TO LEARN ITS USE!



ALL THROUGH THE DAY, AND INTO THE NIGHT, JONATHAN WORKED ON THE MANUSCRIPT...

YOU'RE FOOLING WITH FORCES NONE OF US UNDERSTAND!

LEAVE ME ALONE!

A STORM OF SOUL-SEARING INTENSITY BEAT AGAINST THE OLD COTTAGE AS WILBUR FELL INTO A DREAM-TOSSED SLEEP, ONLY TO BE AWAKENED BY A SCRAPING SHUTTER....

WH-WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
JONATHAN... WHERE
ARE YOU?



AN EERIE GLOW SEEMED TO COME FROM THE NEXT ROOM, AS THE FRIGHTENED MAN RUSHED IN THAT DIRECTION....

TH-THAT GLOW...
IT'S COMING FROM
THE NEXT ROOM.



JONATHAN!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



FACET DEMONAS
EXCULPAT DELENUM...



FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, MAN!
STOP!

AS JONATHAN MUTTERED THE MYSTIC FORM-
ULA, A SOUL-SEARING FLASH OF LIGHT BURST
FROM THE HEART OF THE CRYSTAL...

MY EYES!



I... CAN'T...
SEE...







SALE CRADED AT THE SIGHT OF THIS TERRIBLE MANIFESTATION OF DEMONICAL POWER, WILBUR INGALLS RUSHED MADLY FROM THE HOUSE OF HORROR...



WHIPPED ONWARD BY THE HORROR OF THIS NIGHT, THE FRENZIED MAN RUSHED OUT THROUGH THE DARK AS THE FLAMES MOUNTED IN FEVERISH INTENSITY BEHIND HIM... AND AT LAST...



WHAT HAPPENED? WE SAW THE FIRE, AND... YOU-YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! MY FRIEND... IN THE CRYSTAL... WITCH'S CURSE...

THE OLD HOUSE BURNED TO THE GROUND WITH SAVAGE SPEED, AND WHEN THE SMOKERS COOLED...



UNFORTUNATELY, POOR WILBUR INGALLS WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE THE STORY HE HAD TO TELL! THAT IS, THE ONLY PERSON EXCEPT YOU AND I... FOR WE WERE THERE, WEREN'T WE?

INCREDIBLE—

**PULSE-POUNDING STORIES OF
STRANGE SUSPENSE!**



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

**ON SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND**

10¢

BEWARE!

TERROR TALES

**FROM THE MACABRE
WORLD OF THE
SUPERNATURAL!**

**AS TOLD BY
THE MUMMY**



**ON SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND**

10¢

